

Our Fourfooted Friends

and How We Treat Them

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

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CONTENTS

Lights and Shadows of Humane Work.....	2	In A Newport Garden	8
Stories for Old and Young	3	League News and Notes	11



THE GARDEN OF THE CAT AND THE ROBINS

☀ **LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK** ☀



Poli Parrot's Reply

You say I'm rather vicious
And that I like to bite,
A habit most pernicious
It seems in people's sight.
You criticise my walking
Assisted by my beak
And wish I'd do more talking
Since I know how to speak.

If you were brought from Siam,
And shut up in a cage
To live alone as I am
I guess you, too, would rage.
Instead of feeling jolly
I'm confident 'twould vex
If people called you "Polly"
Without regard to sex.

I'm sure you'd grow too weary,
To make the least reply

To that stale cracker's query
As year by year went by,
So when I'm cross and snappy
Just make it your own case—
Would you be gay and happy
If you were in my place?

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Steel Trap

The steel trap, and other traps largely used by rabbit catchers and game keepers, have been well described as abominable devices. There should be a law against the use of such traps.

How any man can look in the clear, soft, deep eye of one of these wild creatures, and then pull the trigger of his rifle, I cannot understand. It seems to me that it is not the highest type of what we think of as human—this merely killing things for amusement.

Rev. M. J. Savage.

The League was visited one day by a fine looking, well groomed man, who stopped in his automobile, bringing a poor, emaciated looking kitten that we had to immediately put to sleep. This man explained that he was going through Commonwealth Avenue in his car, when just ahead of him he saw another car stop, a boy got out and let this poor cat out of a flour sack into the middle of the avenue. The boy then took the sack and got into the car. This most humane gentleman took the poor little sick, starved kitten into his arms, and in spite of being covered with flour from his head to his heels, he came to the League to deposit the poor creature. He certainly needed a good brushing with a whisk broom before he could drive away in his car. Everyone at the League who knew of this remarked upon the contrast between the contemptible act of the person who threw the sick kitten out in the street, and the merciful act of the gentleman who picked up the victim of man's cruelty.



STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG



Dickens' Sympathy With Animals.

A paper written by request for the Dickensian Society by Mrs. Huntington Smith.

Among the many articles that have been written on Dickens' works I have seen articles entitled Dickens' Women, and Dickens' Children, but I do not remember ever seeing anything written about Dickens' animals. Yet, in a number of his novels he has introduced these "humble associates" of man with such telling effect that they stand out as distinctly as some of the human characters which he has made immortal.

I am not attempting to do justice to this subject. I have not been able to read again all his novels carefully, but have trusted to memory of past readings for this record of Dickens' birds and beasts.

Doubtless these that I shall mention are as familiar to all Dickens' lovers as they are to me, but it is just possible that every one may not have been as impressed as I have been with the conviction that Dickens' deep sympathy did not stop with human beings, but was extended to every living creature. If it were not so, he could not have written of these lower animals with such tenderness, such gentle humour, or shown such an understanding of the affection that so often exists between them and mankind.

The first novel I read of Dickens was the *Old Curiosity Shop*. I was about twelve or thirteen years old, and I remember that I was particularly affected by the story of Little Nell. I will begin with this novel which I have never tired of, though I have read it more times than I can count. Almost at the beginning of the story, we have a picture given us of Little Nell with her needle work sitting by her old grandfather's side. "There are fresh flowers in the room, and her pet bird with a green bough shading his little cage, gave a breath of freshness and youth which

seemed to rustle through the old dull house and hover round the child."

After Nell and her grandfather have been driven out of the old Curiosity Shop, we read that little Nell wept bitterly because she was forced to leave her bird when she fled from Quilp, the villain of the story, but comforted herself by trusting it would fall into the hands of her good friend Kit, otherwise Christopher Nubbles, which it did, though only after a lively fight between Kit and Quilp's demon boy:

"Here's a bird," cried the boy. "What's to be done with it?"

"Wring its neck," rejoined Quilp.

"Oh, no don't do that" said Kit stepping forward, "Give it to me."

"Oh, yes, I dare say!" said the other boy. "Come, you let the cage alone and let me wring its neck. He said I was to do it."

"Give it here, give it to me, you dogs" roared Quilp. "Fight for it you dogs, or I'll wring its neck myself!"

So the boys fought, urged on by the taunts of Quilp. Kit won the fight, and snatching the cage from Quilp's hands made off with the prize.

Later in the story Kit, after many trials and adventures, carrying with him the little bird, goes to the far-off tranquil spot where Nell and her grandfather had found refuge and peace, but he arrives a little too late, and who can help feeling the pathos of that short paragraph:

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird, a poor slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed, was stirring nimbly in its cage, and the strong heart of its child mistress, was mute and motionless forever."

In the 14th Chapter Kit has a happier adventure, with a "little obstinate looking, rough-coated pony driven by a fat, placid faced old gentleman, beside whom was sitting a little old lady, plump and placid like himself. The pony was coming along at his own pace and doing exactly as he pleased with the whole concern. If the old gentleman remonstrated by shaking the reins, the pony replied

by shaking his head. It was plain that the utmost the pony would consent to do was to go in his own way up any street that the old gentleman particularly wished to traverse, but that it was an understanding between them that he must do this after his own fashion or not at all.

As they passed where he sat, Kit looked so wistfully at the little turnout, that the old gentleman looked at him. Kit rising and putting his hand to his hat, the old gentleman intimated to the pony that he wished to stop, to which proposal the pony (who seldom objected to that part of his duty) graciously acceded.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Kit. "I'm sorry you stopped, sir. I only meant did you want your horse minded."

"I'm going to get down in the next street," returned the old gentleman. "If you like to come on after us, you may have the job."

Kit thanked him and joyfully obeyed. The pony ran off at a sharp angle to inspect a lamp-post on the opposite side of the street, and then went off at a tangent to another lamp-post on the other side. Having satisfied himself that they were of the same pattern and material, he came to a stop, apparently absorbed in meditation.

"Will you go on, sir," said the old gentleman, gravely, "or are we to wait here for you 'till it's too late for our appointment?"

The pony remained immovable.

"Oh you naughty Whisker," said the old lady. "Fie upon you! I am ashamed of such conduct."

The pony appeared to be touched by this appeal to his feelings, for he trotted on directly, though in a sulky manner, and stopped no more until he came to a door whereon was a brass plate with the words, "Witherden-Notary."

Whiskers appears a number of times in this story, and "preserved his character for independence down to the last moment of his life which was an unusually long one. He did no work for two or three years before he died but lived in clover, and his last act like a

choleric old gentleman was to kick his doctor."

Every one who has read Dickens delights in the character of Dick Swiveller. When he descends to the basement kitchen in search of the Marchioness the last touch of desolation is given to the picture in a few words: "The basement was dark and dismal, the water was trickling out of a leaky butt, and a most wretched cat was lapping up the drops with the sickly eagerness of starvation.

Jerry's dogs are met with by Nell and her grandfather when in the course of their wanderings they stop at the roadside inn called, "The Jolly Sandboys." Who but Dickens could in a few short paragraphs give such a vivid picture of the misery of the show dog?

"Nelly, overpowered by fatigue, had fallen asleep in the warm chimney corner when she was awakened by a new arrival. I quote the description:

"These were no other than four very dismal dogs, who came pattering in one after the other, headed by an old bandy dog of particularly mournful aspect, who, stopping when the last of his followers had got as far as the door, erected himself upon his hind legs and looked round at his companions, who immediately stood upon their hind legs, in a grave and melancholy row. Nor was this the only remarkable circumstance about these dogs, for each of them wore a kind of little coat of some gaudy color trimmed with tarnished spangles, and one of them had a can upon his head, tied very carefully under his chin, which had fallen down upon his nose, and completely obscured one eye; add to this that the gaudy coats were all wet through and discolored with rain, and that the wearers were splashed and dirty, and some idea may be formed of the unusual appearance of these new visitors to the Jolly Sandboys.

"The dogs watched the preparations for supper with terrible eagerness. At length the dish was lifted on the table, and mugs of ale having been previously set round, little Nell ventured to say grace, and supper began.

"At this juncture the poor dogs were stand-

ing on their hind legs quite surprisingly; the child, having pity on them, was about to cast some morsels of food to them before she tasted it herself, hungry though she was, when their master interposed.

"No my dear, no, not an atom from anybody's hand but mine if you please. 'That dog' said Jerry, pointing out the old leader of the troop, and speaking in a terrible voice, "lost a half-penny today. He goes without his supper."

"The unfortunate creature dropped upon his fore-legs, wagged his tail, and looked imploringly at his master.

"'You must be more careful sir,' said Jerry, walking coolly to the chair where he had placed the organ, and setting the stop. 'Come here. Now sir, you play away at that, while we have supper, and leave off if you dare.'"

"The dog immediately began to grind most mournful music. His master having shown him the whip resumed his seat and called up the others, who, at his direction, formed in a row, standing upright as a file of soldiers.

"'Now gentlemen,' said Jerry, looking at them attentively, "The dog whose name's called, eats. The dogs whose name's an't called keep quiet. Carlo!"

"The lucky individual whose name was called, snapped up the morsel thrown towards him, but none of the others moved a muscle. In this manner they were fed at the discretion of their master. Meanwhile the dog in disgrace ground hard at the organ, sometimes in quick time, sometimes in slow, but never leaving off for an instant. When the knives or forks rattled very much or any of his fellows got an unusually large piece of fat, he accompanied the music with a short howl, but he immediately checked it on his master looking round, and applied himself with increased diligence to the Old Hundreth."

That Dickens had sympathy for imprisoned animals is clear from a paragraph in Chapter 15 of the Old Curiosity Shop, "The town was glad with morning light; Birds in hot rooms covered up close and dark, felt it was morning, and chafed and grew restless in their little cells; bright-eyed mice crept back to

their tiny homes and nestled timidly together; The nobler beasts confined in dens stood motionless behind their bars, and gazed on fluttering boughs and sunshine peeping through some little window, with eyes in which old forests gleamed—then trod impatiently the track their prison feet had worn—and stopped and gazed again."

In Nicholas Nickleby there is a pony belonging to Mr. Vincent Crummles, manager of a theatrical show which Nicholas Nickleby has just joined, that may be worthy of notice—a rough-coated ill-favored pony with a strong inclination to lie down on the road. However, Mr. Vincent Crummles kept him up pretty well by jerking the reins and plying the whip, and when these means failed and the animal came to a stand still, the elder Master Crummles got out and kicked him. So, as Mr. Crummles truly observed "they jogged on very comfortable for all parties."

"Many and many's the circuit this pony has gone" said Mr. Crummles, flecking him skilfully on the eyend for old acquaintance' sake. "He is quite one of us. His mother was on the stage. She ate apple pie at a circus for upwards of fourteen years; fired pistols, and went to bed in a night-cap; in short, took the low comedy entirely. His father was a dancer."

"Was he at all distinguished?" asked Nicholas.

"Not very!" said the manager, "He was rather a low sort of pony. The fact is, he had been originally jobbed out by the day, and he never quite got over his old habits. When the mother died he took the port wine business, drinking port wine with the clown, but he was greedy, and one night bit off the bowl of the glass and choked himself, so his vulgarity was the death of him at the last."

"The descendent of this ill-starred animal requiring increased attention as he progressed in the day's work Mr. Crummles had very little time for conversation and Nicholas was left to his own sad reflections and anticipations."

It will not do to leave out the lovable old

Tim Lininwater's blackbird. "There was not a bird of such methodical and business-like habits in all the world, as the blind blackbird who dreamed and dozed away his days in a large, snug cage, and had lost his voice from old age years before Tim first bought him. There was not such an eventful story in the whole range of anecdote as Tim could tell concerning the acquisition of that very bird; how, compassionating his starved and suffering condition he had purchased him with the view of humanely terminating his wretched life; how he determined to wait three days and see whether the bird revived; how before half the time was out the bird did revive; and how he went on reviving and picking up his appetite and good looks until he gradually became what you see him now, Sir,—Tim would say glancing proudly at the cage, and with that Tim would utter a melodious chirrup and cry, Dick, and Dick, who for any sign of life he had previously given, might have been a wooden or stuffed representation of a blackbird indifferently executed, would come to the side of the cage in three small jumps, and thrusting his bill between the bars turn his sightless head towards his old master. At that moment it would be very difficult to determine which of the two was the happier, the bird or Tim Lininwater."

When, in the last chapters of Nicholas Nickleby Squeers met with his just deserts and his wretched school was broken up, the unfortunate children scattered in every direction. Of these some were found crying under hedges and in such places frightened at the solitude. One had a dead bird in a little cage; he had wandered nearly twenty miles and when his poor favorite died lost courage and lay down beside him. Another was discovered in a yard by the school sleeping with a dog who bit at those who came to remove him, and licked the child's pale face.

Pickwick Papers

The passages and pages introducing animals in The Pickwick papers are in harmony with

the general purpose of the book, distinctly amusing, and most of them are too long to admit of quotation.

In chapter two the innocent and unsuspecting Mr. Pickwick accepts a remarkable story told him by a cab driver:

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fee.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And now long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Two or three weeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. Pickwick in astonishment—and out came the note-book again.

"He lives at Pentonwill when he's at home, but we seldom takes him home on account of his weakness."

"On account of his weakness," reiterated the perplexed Mr. Pickwick.

"He always falls down when he's took out o' the cab," continued the driver, 'but when he's in it we bears him up werry tight, and takes him in werry short, so as he can't werry well fall down, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on, so ven he does move they run after him and he must go on, he can't help it.'

"Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book with a view of communicating it to the club as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses under trying circumstances.

In the same chapter a stranger, Mr. Alfred Jingle, afterwards quite conspicuous in the book, introduces himself to Mr. Pickwick and his friends by helping them in a quarrel with a cab man and in the course of his very rambling conversation tells them a rather astonishing dog story.

"You should keep dogs" he says, 'Fine animals—sagacious creatures—dog of my

own once—Pointer—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering enclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go: stock still—called him—Ponto, Ponto wouldn't move—dog transfixed—staring at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—'Game-keeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this inclosure'—wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog that—very.'

"'Singular circumstance that,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'Will you allow me to make a note of it?'"

"'Certainly, sir, certainly—hundred more anecdotes of the same animal.'"

There are a number of amusing descriptions of Mr. Pickwick and his friends, on horses they could not ride, and driving horses they could not drive, but these hardly belong to my story.

In Martin Chuzzlewit there are a few amusing passages about horses. Pecksniff, "That best of architects and land surveyors, kept a horse in whom his enemies pretended to detect a fanciful resemblance to his master. Not in his outward person for he was a raw-boned, haggard horse, always on a much shorter allowance of corn than Mr. Pecksniff; but in his moral character, wherein, said they he was full of promise, but of no performance. He was always, in a manner, **going to go, and never going.** When at his slowest rate of travelling, he would sometimes lift up his legs so high, and display such mighty action, that it was difficult to believe he was doing less than fourteen miles an hour; and he was for ever so perfectly satisfied with his own speed, and so little disconcerted by opportunities of comparing himself with the fastest trotters, that the illusion was the more difficult of resistance. He was a kind of animal who infused into the breasts of strangers a lively sense of hope, and possessed all those who knew him better with a grim despair. In what respect, having these points of character, he might be fairly likened to his master, that good man's slanderers only can explain. But it is a melancholy truth, and a deplorable instance

of the uncharitableness of the world, that they made the comparison."

That precocious youth, young Bailey, drove a horse he was very fond of: "Why, he's own uncle to Capricorn," said Bailey, "and brother to Cauliflower. He's been through the windows of two chaney shops since we've had him, and was sold for killin' his missis."

It is in Martin Chuzzlewit that one of the most striking passages illustrating Dickens' understanding of the way horses are treated occurs when the hearse is drawn up before the door for the funeral of Old Anthony Chuzzlewit, poisoned by his only son Jonas.

The four hearse horses especially reared and pranced and showed their highest action as if they knew a man was dead and triumphed in it. "They break us, drive us, ride us, ill treat, abuse and main us for their pleasure But they die; Hurrah, they die!"

(To be concluded)

To An English Sparrow

Little feathered tuft of gray,
Skipping blithely through the day—

Never resting,
Yet protesting

In your querulous, quick way—

Little sparrow;

You who would the woodland spurn—

Bird-prized haunts of leaf and fern—

Ever grace the crowded street,

Seeking man's companionship

With your chippy-chip chip-chip—

On your wing or tripping feet—

Ever lightly,

Always sprightly

Comes your note so nearly sweet,

English sparrow,

As you peck with greedy bill

Crevices about my sill—

Hither, yonder,

I would ponder,

Do you never get your fill,

Little sparrow?

Are they true, my busy bird,

All those stories I have heard—

That there's nothing good in you,

That the stains upon your chest
 Match the heart within your breast;
 That no chirp you chirp is true?
 Should I shoo you
 If I knew you—
 Are you blackguard through and through,
 English sparrow?

Though you make no chirped defense,
 Yet the absence of pretense
 Casts about you,
 As I doubt you,
 Something tempting confidence,
 Little sparrow.

For you've such an honest lay—
 Such a frankly flaunting way;
 And though man would fain disclose
 All your past, incarnadined
 With the sins that you have sinned,
 Yet mayhap your record shows

 No more starkly,
 Not more darkly,

Than man's own, as just God knows,
 English sparrow!

Hazel Hall.
 The Transcript.

Boston, July 7, 1920.

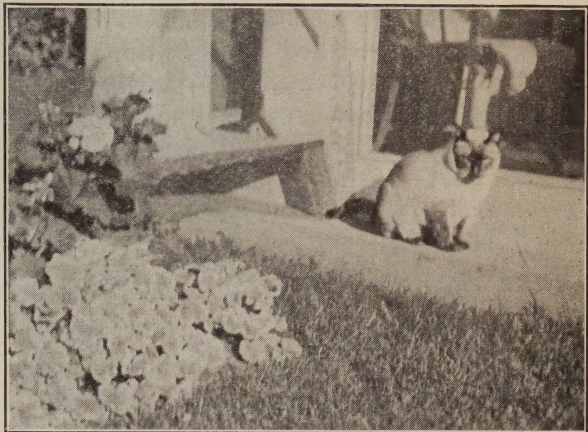
In regard to the cat we got of you in May I would say that he is well and happy. So are we. Much to my surprise and comfort he adopted us promptly and prefers sleeping in an arm chair in my sitting room.—L. M. C.

Sandwich, Mass.

Your card received about dog No. 1750. We are very much pleased with him. He is gentle and contented. We have him at our summer home, a farm on Cape Cod, and he is a good chum to our four children which of course endears him to us.—Mrs. T. B. K.

Lynn, Mass., June 3, 1920

Received card inquiring about dog No. 1038, taken from the League Sept. 3, 1919. The dog is well and contented and has not given us any trouble and is a great pet with all the members of the family. Thanking you for the pleasure of such a nice dog.—A. G. G.



TOKO MEDITATING

IN A
 NEWPORT GARDEN

Aug. 5. In my notes of last month I told of the adventures of a young robin in this 'Garden of the Cat and the Robins.' Toko, after guarding the little robin carefully between his paws when it fell out of the nest in the linden tree, until his adored mistress relieved him of his charge, was kept in the house, and the wire-screened porches, until, after several days of anxious worry on the part of the parent robins, the little one grew strong enough to fly around the garden and up into the tallest trees; then, although the little robin and his parents still lived in the garden and found plenteous food on the lawn and beneath the trees, Mr. Toko was allowed once more to lie in the sun on the broad terrace, or ramble beneath the trees and have a refreshing drink out of the birds' basin, a large scalloped shell under the horse chestnut tree, or creep beneath the hedges, and lie sleeping in the shade, scarcely troubling himself to lift his head, though the whirr of robins' wings passed over him.

The little robin Toko was tending has now nearly grown up. He still pursues his mother for worms, but she is growing impatient with him. Perhaps she is beginning to have on her mind the question of moving on to other

scenes and asking herself the question if it is too late to begin housekeeping again.

A new nest of robins was discovered a few days ago; one little one was perching on the edge of the nest getting ready for flight. This nest was in a purple beech, a beautiful tree in one of the hidden gardens, or enclosures hedged in by high walls of privet. This enclosure has a flagged walk and in it are a few specially beautiful trees, under which garden chairs invite one to rest awhile. The newly discovered nest has been watched until it is now certain that the whole family have left it.

Where do they go, these vanishing families? Not far away I think, for all day long the robins are coming and going. I cannot look up without seeing them flying about the garden or sitting on one of the vases, or the box trees. White and yellow butterflies are flitting about over the bed of swainsonia. Toko has just come up from a walk around the garden and paused to make a sudden leap after a butterfly which escapes him and flutters his wings in a most aggravating manner just out of his reach. Now he investigates some crawling thing on the terrace and not finding it worth while waves his tail just as the camera is about to be snapped, giving him the appearance of a cat with a bushy tail, instead of a straight, smooth, slender appendage of glossy black, shading off into golden brown until it reaches the exquisite cream color of the body.

He leaps on the garden tea table set out on the terrace with its accompaniment of a settee and comfortable chairs, but finding that spot too sunny, leaps down again and comes through the ingeniously-contrived little cat door in the corner of the porch, which is connected by a netted runway with the enclosed garden, where the last mentioned robin has successfully raised her brood.

He is inside the porch now, going in search of his mistress, from whom he cannot bear to be long separated. The robins are screaming in the next garden, where there are several small dogs. Perhaps another young robin has fallen out of its nest. Truly the

life of the robin seems full of care. A pair of frolicsome squirrels have appeared on the walk, then Thomas, the gardener, passes by with a rake under his arm and the squirrels disappeared, but the robins intent on a diet of fat worms, race across the lawn, stop, dive their bills into the grass and fly away to fill gaping mouths that are never satisfied.

There is a scent of heliotrope in the air, blown over from a large bed purple with its mass of blossoms; a song sparrow is singing perched on the hedge. It is all so quiet, so peaceful, so restful that when Julia appears with the message that the car is waiting we almost hate to leave it, even for the wonderful, beautiful Ocean Drive.

That Newport Ocean Drive! Has anyone ever attempted to describe it? It is beyond words! The ever-changing scenery of beautiful residences, the ocean, picturesque rocks, green fields. There are sea gulls diving into the foamy surf in search of fish, or floating serenely in little flocks on the top of the wave, rising and falling with the tide. The sandpipers run along the shining beach, and over the rocks. Sometimes a patch of seaweed is alive with them. They seem so busy, so happy, it is good to watch them. No wonder Celia Thaxter was inspired by them to write one of her most beautiful poems.

We pass Mother Nature's garden where the roadsides have deep borders of wild roses, queen's lace, golden rod; clumps of sweet pepper bush are crowned with white fragrant blossoms. The hardhack is out, its pink blossoms always marred by the faded tips. The elderberries are only beginning to turn, but the sumac shows its blossoms of red and there is a wonderful bed of rose mallow which any gardener might be proud to have among his choicest plants. The milkweed is in this roadside garden, and Joe pye weed stands up amidst a bed of tall grasses and ferns, dotting them with its dull reddish purple blossoms.

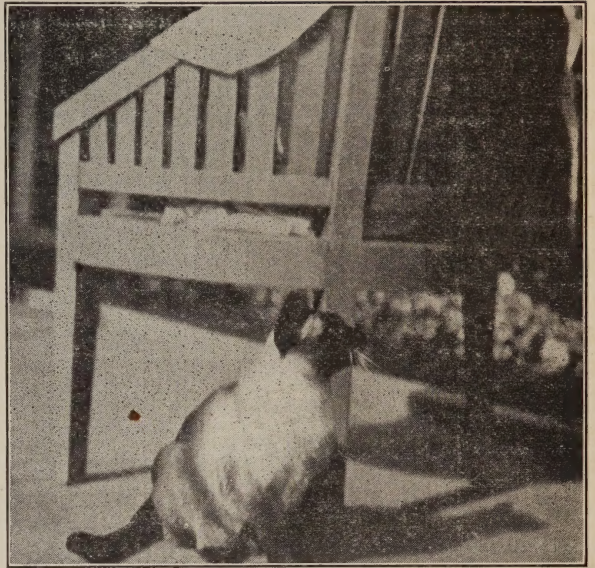
We thought the ocean on our left was all the water view we needed to delight the eye, but suddenly, on the right, we pass the

the most exquisite little pond, scattered all over with white water lilies. In its midst a small rock stands up out of the water and that is covered with white baby sea gulls. This pond has for its setting a meadow with tall water grasses, and the brown seed pods of the cat-o-nine-tail lends a bit of color to the border. We stop at a point where we can best watch the white frothy foam dashing over the rocks. The sea gulls are so tame that they fly over the car near enough for us to see their bright, beady eyes, and little pink feet and hear their plaintive lonely cry. Here we stay awhile, breathing in the fresh sea air, and as we watch the gulls and the sandpipers we wonder how men can be cruel enough to shoot them, or women heartless enough to wear the wings or breasts of these murdered innocents.

Returning, I noticed again the perfection of the hedges and vines covering fences and walks, roses, ivy, woodbine, and there is one low stone wall over which nasturtiums are creeping. The stately residences have tall, sturdy trees, and graceful drooping trees of wonderful beauty, set on lawns as smooth as velvet. I would like to photograph some of those trees. A photographer who would get a series of pictures of trees such as I see on these Newport lawns ought to make a small fortune. Set up on a high ledge of rock is something that looks like a castle. Low down on the beach are fishermen's cottages. The beauty of the ocean and rocks and gardens is free for all to enjoy and sometimes I think those who do not see them every day enjoy them more than those who do.

There are many very beautiful gardens in Newport, but as a rule they are out of sight. In one which I was invited to enter there was a long arbor covered with pink roses and below it a large bed of madonna lilies. It was like a bit of fairyland.

We returned to the beautiful garden we left, sat down again in the screened porch and had a refreshing afternoon tea. The robins and the song sparrows were still flying over the garden, or running lightly and swiftly over the lawn. Toko was asleep on



TOKO'S CHAIR

his cushion in an easy chair, all was rest and peace, but had we been gifted with prophetic vision our peace of mind would have been destroyed, for we should have seen the garden and house profaned by the entrance of three dark and stealthy figures. Standing in that same porch in the darkness of the night they were cutting a pane of glass out of the door opening into the library, then stealing softly over the thick rugs, and across the marble floor of the hall into the reception room they cut the wires of the telephone. Next they invaded the drawing room and the dining room, opening drawers in tables and sideboard, but being evidently intent on a jewel robbery they left them open and crept softly up the thickly carpeted stairs.

Well was it for the mistress of the house that she and her maid had rooms separated by a corridor from the hall, secured not only by lock and key, but bolted, and in this corridor close by her door was her special telephone, the wires of which were not cut. Awakened by the slight noise the robbers made in their attempt to open the door, Toko jumped in a panic to the floor. His mistress was quickly on her feet listening at the door. Her maid pointed to the door knob

that was being softly turned. There was no panic, but swift action; and no doubt the thieves got the surprise of their lives when they heard instead of screams a perfectly cool and steady voice calling the police on a telephone and even spelling out the name that there might be no mistake.

There was a scurrying sound without the door and, having received a reply from the police station the besieged one hurried to her window just in time to see three men racing through her garden, one of them hatless, making a quick get-away. In five minutes the police arrived. A wrapper was hastily donned. Toko, who was running about the bed chamber quite excited at this unusual disturbance of his night's rest, was shut up in safety; other policemen arrived and a hunt was made of the house and the garden, where it is said one of the officers got lost in the maze of the several enclosed gardens. But the five minutes which elapsed between the call and the coming of the officers, prompt as it was, were enough for the thieves to get away.

Aug. 18. Those spirits of evil who invaded the peaceful "Garden of the Cat and the Robins" have not yet been found, but we know that no evil deed goes unpunished. Sooner or later the Powers of Darkness will be overthrown, though now they seem to dominate the earth. This world is so beautiful it is sad, indeed, that its beauty should be so marred by the evil spirits that walk the earth. According to Bible history it was in a garden, fair and beautiful, that the Spirit of Darkness first began his work against the Spirit of Light, and ever since the battle has been kept up. We are all serving one or the other. Do we take pains to find out which?

As I meditate on these things Toko sits up in his chair and looks out at the garden. His deep blue mysterious eyes seem to be questioning the universe. But perhaps he is only watching a particularly fat and handsome robin that has just alighted on the top of the stone vase near the terrace.—A. H. S.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of August the League received and humanely cared for 516 dogs, 6162 cats, 47 birds and smaller animals; 14 dogs have been restored to owners, 112 have been placed in homes; 1 cat returned to owners, and 48 placed in homes.

We filled an order for stories and literature of all kinds, about 1100 copies in all, for distribution at the State Fair in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, August 30.

Stories were also sent to Clearfield, Penn., for use at a county fair.

At the request of the Boston Police Department one of the agents of the Animal Rescue League was sent to every Police Station to give a talk to the officers on the humane treatment of injured animals, what to do in emergencies, and particularly how to kill animals humanely that were seriously injured. It makes all the difference between quick relief or prolonged torture if an officer knows exactly where to shoot a horse or other animal. Officers having wrong ideas have been known to shoot at an animal several times before killing it.

Every officer in the station was obliged to attend these lectures and many of them expressed their gratitude to the agent, Archibald Macdonald, for his instruction.

The police have cooperated with the League many times in its work for animals and deserve much commendation for their assistance in our work.

Wednesday, August 4, Miss Cora W. Sprague, who is in charge this summer of a children's play-room at the North End of Boston, brought fourteen of her boys and girls to visit the League. They were greatly pleased with all they saw, and on

leaving, each one was presented with a bundle of stories and papers, and had a "Justice and Mercy to All" badge pinned on.

The League was notified that a stray dog had taken refuge in the cellar of a home in Medford, near the Fellsway. The children at this house fed this dog, a mongrel bull terrier, and called her "Beauty". Later "Beauty" had a litter of six pups, and these were all brought to the League and placed in homes. The mother dog and all the pups were in splendid, healthy condition, thanks to the family who so kindly fed her.

Letters

York Village, Maine, Aug. 7, 1920.

Dear Kind League People: The little gray dog is certainly a winner and no mistake! He was thoroughly at home with his new owner long long before we reached here, and he has been so very gay and happy I'm going to call him Jolly Jerry—Jerry for short. We had a small open fire last night, and he all but crawled into the bright ashes in his determined efforts to find out what on earth made those queer crackling noises! He slept on a nice old comforter close beside my bed last night and growled fiercely when the cook passed my door on his way to get breakfast this morning. His behavior has been one solid hundred per cent. perfect thus far—if you except a wee little chase he gave some chickens when he went for a walk this morning. He so plainly knew better and felt guilty when I spoke to him in reproving tones about it, that I really think 100% is none too high for Jolly Jerry. Of course he's my dog, but all the family are delighted with him and he with everybody and everything. He's curled on his big-comforter beside me as I write, and it seems fairly impossible to think it's been less than twenty-four hours since he came to join fortunes with mine. With every good wish to the Animal Rescue League, and for its splendid work, I remain, Sincerely and very gratefully, yours, C. W. S.

Roxbury, June 14, 1920.

My dear Mrs. Smith:

I am a new member and enjoy reading about our four-footed friends, for I like them very much. We had a fine dog once named "Rover" and it need not be said that dogs do not express intelligence, for "Rover" did everything but talk. I heard him coming up stairs one day, and pretended to be asleep, but he knew differently, so he put his paws up on the couch and poked me a little with his nose on the side. I couldn't help smiling and he went bounding around the room. When I got up he pulled my skirt toward the door for me to come and see a big rat he had caught in the cellar. Perhaps he didn't get a nice big bone! Enclosed please find a little to help a poor little kitten. It is pitiful to see some of them. L. S.

Wilton, N. H.

Our dog No. 1309 we took April 17, 1920, is very satisfactory and contented. He felt at home at once and on the second day was free to go anywhere, and stays at home and looks out for things O. K.—Mrs. L. G. R.

Newburyport, Mass., June 4, 1920.

Replying for Mrs. W., beg to say that Dog No. 1428 is entirely satisfactory. He makes a splendid playfellow for my four-year-old and shows great intelligence. He is now at my summer cottage at Plum Island. Must say he doesn't like the beach and is homesick. Ran away the other night and in some inexplicable way found his route home where he greeted me the next morning. He may be a mongrel, but he is a corker.—L. W.

Medfield, Mass., June 2, 1920.

Received your card inquiring about dog No. 1165 and I am happy to report he is as contented as one could wish, therefore he must be happy. I find he is very intelligent and quick to learn. I thought it a shame he had no name, so I called him every name I could possibly think of and at last called him "Trucker." When he heard that name he got up from the floor immediately and came and

looked in my face waiting for orders. My sister at the time was in another part of the house so she tried calling him Tucker. He answered to that name but to no other. As he looks and acts very much like another dog we have had, my husband decided to call him "Dave Tucker." He is a very fine watch dog, also cattle dog. When his work is done he chases birds in the woods and across meadows all day until he gets tired and comes home, which is very seldom. When he has done wrong we punish him by telling him to go in a corner until we tell him he can go free. He stays. One day he stayed all day, as we had forgotten him. He learned that lesson well. Once he is punished for anything he never repeats the same deed. I do not believe I could get along without him, he is such interesting company. He does something new most every day.—Mrs. G. W. H.

Cambridge, Mass.

About dog No. 716, we have named her "Judy" because of her resemblance to one of a pair my father used to have—Punch and Judy. She is a dear little body and quite young you know, so I have been able to teach her several cute tricks. She also rides in the front seat of the machine with me. She has a handsome little harness and leash, of which she is very proud. I haven't had any trouble with her since the first two or three days. Kindness won her heart and I know she is very contented and happy.—J. M. McI.

Taunton, Mass., July 8, 1920.

Replying to your post card inquiry about kitten we took May 24, will say "Blackie" is very much alive, contented and seems real pleased with his new home, enjoying good health and a very good pet. He is living with my mother, who is alone, follows her from room to room and wants to be with her constantly. I wish all animals had as good a home and received the treatment he does.—A. W. M.



Story of "Billie Burke" the Hen.

I am enclosing a photograph of a pet chicken I have. One of my cats stole her and brought her home four years ago. I thought she was dead and put her in a box back of the stove ready for my husband to bury when he got home from work. But when he looked she was very much alive. We nursed her till she got to be a nice big chicken, named her Billie Burke. She will shake hands, jump up like a cat, come when she is called, in fact, she talks. Oh, she is a wonder! She layed me 61 eggs in 63 days the first year. When she is not on strike she lays every other day, sometimes every day, but she knows she is a pet and doesn't have to work if she doesn't want to. These hot days she will let me put her in a tub of water and will lie right down in it to cool off. She plays with the cats and a white rabbit, but is very jealous if they come too near me, and will peck at them. She just loves to stand on my head.—Mrs. Eunice A. Foster.

A subscription to this magazine is only sixty cents. Won't you subscribe and help the cause of suffering animals? Send it to a day school or a Sunday School, but read it first yourself.

Boston, July 16, 1920.

My dear friends at the League:

I suppose you do not often receive a letter from a cat.

My mistress is writing this for me as I have not yet learned to write though she says I am intelligent enough to do almost anything.

I came here about two months ago. At first I felt somewhat timid because of the strangeness, but the kindness which was shown me soon overcame my fears and I grew to love my nice home and my dear mistress very much.

When I first came the mice were numerous and very bold, but the first day notwithstanding my nervous fright I caught three and have made such constant war on them that now one is very seldom seen about and he never escapes my watchful eye.

I am allowed the liberty of the house and have fine times racing through the rooms and think there is no better fun than to follow my mistress about her work, to run ahead of her up and down stairs and play with her through the banister railings. I certainly delight in pulling off her sweeping cap in that way.

I am permitted to sleep anywhere from the kitchen chairs to the parlor sofa and sometimes even on the piano. My mistress says I am so clean and nice and never scratch the furniture.

I love my master too and never fail to meet him when he comes home at night and I know his step from all others. I am told so often how handsome I am I might become conceited only I have so much to take up my mind I take no notice of such remarks. I have plenty of good food provided for me with fresh water in abundance and what could any cat ask more? So I sign myself.

The happiest cat in Boston. Tom.

Are you working for our Fair, December 6 and 7.

Derry, N. H., June 7, 1920.

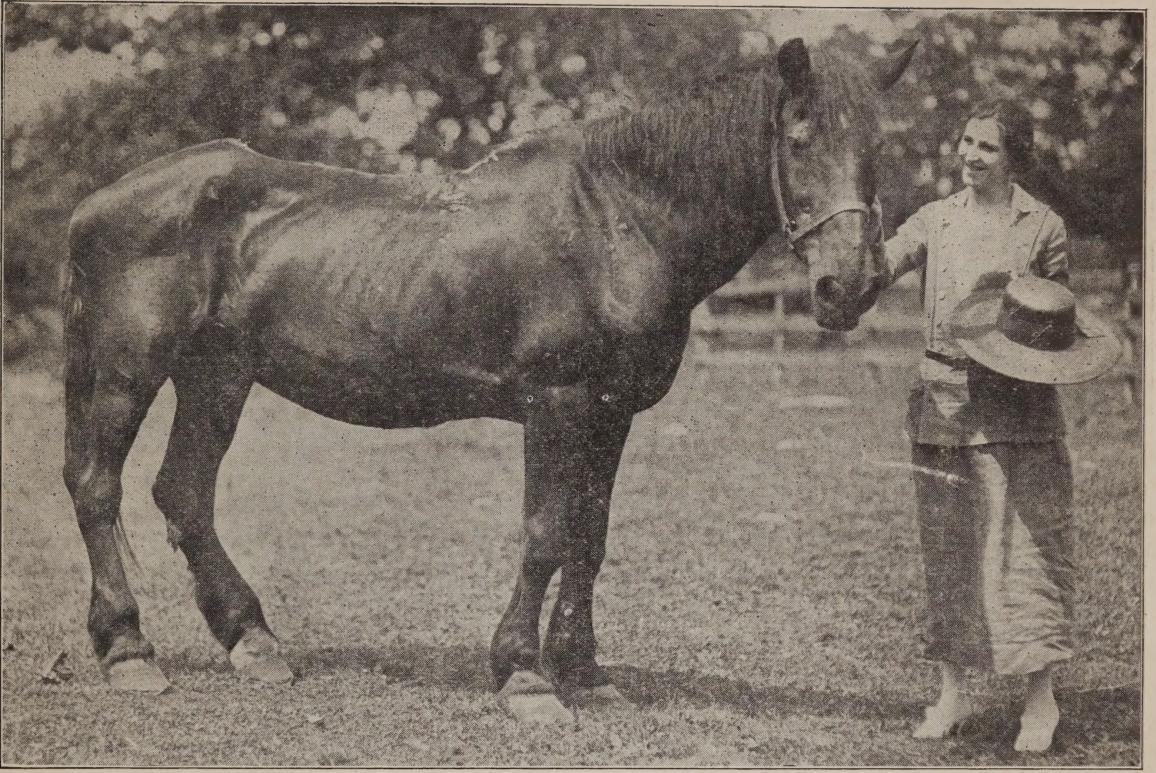
In reply to your card of inquiry regarding dog No. 1200, taken April 14, 1920, I am pleased to say that he is in great condition and is a regular pet of the house, my wife and I being greatly attached to him. He appears to be enjoying the country up here as much as ourselves and romps about the fields all day. He has made friends with all the stock as well as the neighbors. At first he would run away for a day or two at a time, but about two weeks ago he was gone for four days and a neighbor located him several miles away and brought him home and evidently he had been pretty well scared, by his actions. Anyway, he hasn't left home since. I have had several chances to sell him at a good price to good homes, but I assure you he is worth more than money to us now.—H. E. B.

The Story of Old Jack.

It is very seldom that a horse reaches the age of thirty years. They are old at twenty-five, and often at twenty are completely worn out. They are put to work, "broken in," while they are frolicsome young colts and often from that time there is no more frolic for them, no rolling in the soft green grass, no racing, head and tail held high, around the fields, free and happy. They are turned into machines and treated worse than machines—what wonder that they grow old and die or have to be killed when they should be in the prime of life!

At Pine Ridge Home of Rest for Horses there is a curiosity—a horse that is 46 years old, and still in comfortable condition, and able to enjoy the large green paddocks, the shade of trees, the soft turf beneath his feet. He holds his head erect, his coat is good; his tail is arched and his ears cocked up. He has a large box stall and in good weather he is out in the field.

His history has been traced back. He was "raised" in Iowa, brought to Boston, and purchased by the Fire Department. He was naturally high strung and excitable, and when the fire bell rang would rush out so



OLD JACK AND A FRIEND

eager to do his work that he would pull the heavy engine alone. This was too much for him and he was put on the hose wagon, but with no better results. No horse could keep up to him when going to fires and he lost flesh and strength so he was put in the hands of a horse dealer.

Then, poor, faithful, willing Jack, had a varied career. Always his energy gave him nervous strength, and longing for freedom he frequently ran away. Thus he got a bad name and fell into the hands of cheap horse-dealers who sold him to pedlars, who, invariably sent him back to the horse dealers.

At one of these auction sales a Mr. J. L. Barry saw him, and being a judge of horses thought it wicked to have a horse of such fine qualities killed by inches in the hands of

ignorant and heartless men. He bought him for \$12.00. Jack was then in very wretched condition and galled with harness sores from ill-fitting harnesses, for many poor and ignorant men try to make the same harness answer for any horse they get, large or small, which means much suffering for the horse.

Jack had been underfed. He was nearly starved but he soon began to pick up under the kind care Mr. Barry gave him, who used him only in light work. He improved so much that in late years he was given the Animal Rescue Medal (for well kept old horses) and finally Mr. Barry gave him to the League with the request that he should be given a time of absolute rest at Pine Ridge before he is put to his final rest. How many horses deserve this rest! How few get it!



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at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of
 the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial
 in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

CREMATION

The League now has a crematory where small animals
 can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried
 at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements
 for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the
 Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Beach 244.

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